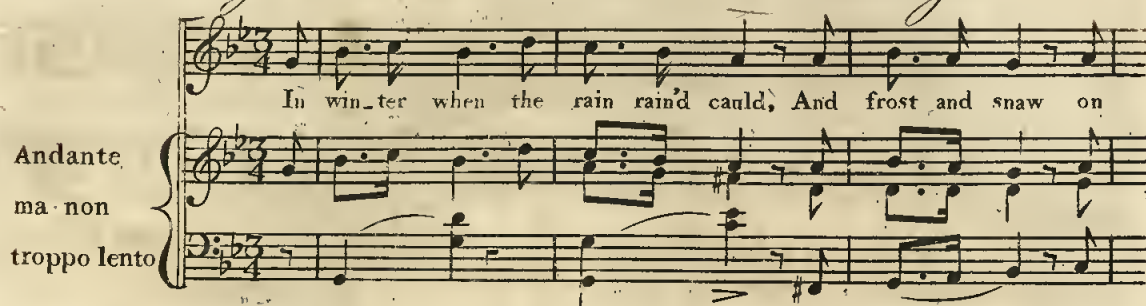




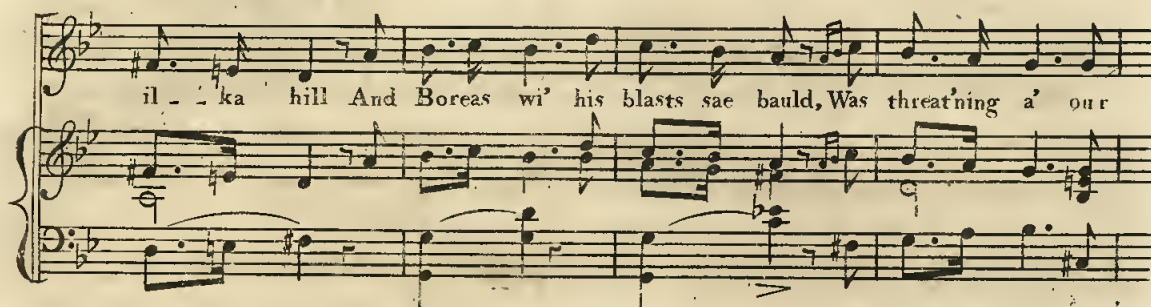
Tak' your auld Cloak about Ye.

In win-ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on

Andante
ma non
troppo lento



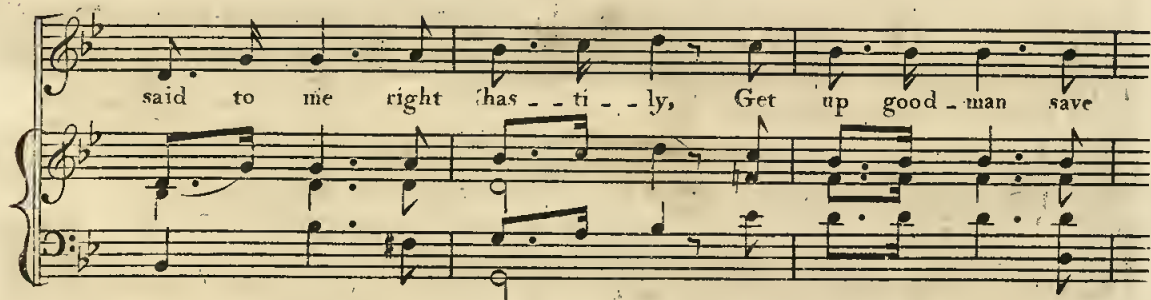
il - ka hill And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our



ky to kill: Then Bell my wife wha loes na strife, She



said to me right has - ti - ly, Get up good - man save



Cromie's life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.



TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And BOREAS wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
 Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastilie,
 'Get up, gudeman, save CROMIE's life,
 'And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

'My CROMIE is an useful cow,
 'And she is come of a good kyne;
 'Aft has she wet the bairnies mou',
 'And I am laith that she should tyne;
 'Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 'The sun shines i' the lift sae hie;
 'Sloth never made a gracious end;
 'Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 "When it was fitting for my wear;
 "But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 "For I ha'e worn't this thirty year;
 "Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
 "We little ken the day we'll die:
 "Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn
 "To ha'e a new cloak about me."

'In days when our King ROBERT rang,
 'His trews they cost but ha'f a crown;
 'He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 'And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 'He was the king that wore the crown,
 'And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 'Sac tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"Every bird has its ain sang,
 "Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;
 "I think the warld is a' ran wrang,
 "When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 "Do ye not see ROB, JOCK, and HAB,
 "As they are girded gallantlie,
 "While I sit hurklen in the ase?
 "I'll ha'e a new cloak about me."

'Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years,
 'Since we did ane anither ken;
 'And we ha'e had, between us twa,
 'Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 'Now, they are women grown, and men,
 'I wish and pray, weel may they be;
 'And if you'd prove a good husband,
 'E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

Tho' BELL, my wife, she lo'es nae strife;
 Yet she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft mair yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me."